UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST
And Chronicle.

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Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

DEATH.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

He came among the young, the fair,
The beautiful of earth;
His icy presence chill'd the air,
And check'd the song of mirth.

Bright eyes grew dim, red cheeks grew pale,
Though yet they scarce knew why,
They felt the fearful misty veil—
The dark form hov'ring nigh.

And roses lose their brilliant hue,
That mid dark tresses twine;
The moonlit sky seems not so blue—
The stars less brightly shine.

And lip's grew quivering with their dread,
And lost their sunny smile,
Laughter was hushed, and gladness fled,
Stern silence reign'd the while.

With noiseless step he mark'd his prey,
The fairest of them all—
Breath'd on her shuddering brow decay,
And vanish'd from the hall.

The pulse beats free, the cheek and eye
Regain their light and bloom;
The stars gleam in the azure sky,
No shade remains of gloom.

Yet still, they wonder'd at the power
That held such fearful sway;
That e'en in their most joyous hour
Could drive their mirth away.

But one had felt that baleful breath,
And knew that nought could save,
That voiceless messenger was death—
A herald from the grave.

Philadelphia, March 21st, 1843. "H. A. H."

Original Novel.

PAUL JONES.
A Story of the Sea.
CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY REEFER RINGBOLT.

"The star spangled banner, oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

CHAPTER V.
THE ATTACK ON WHITEHAVEN.

The gale, at length, moderated, and Paul Jones determined to renew the attempt on Whitehaven. Accordingly we stood away for that port, and two days after our night attack on the Drake, were off the destined harbor. The wind, however, fell light as we were working up towards the pier, and we were compelled to lie to at a considerable distance in the offing.

The offer was now made for volunteers, and, in a few minutes, thirty one of our best men were chosen from those who stepped forward, the two boats were manned, and, at midnight, we pulled off from the sloop and directed our course towards the harbor.

The night was fine, with scarcely a cloud in the sky. Myriads of stars glittered on high, and sparkled back from the deep, while the wind, now scarcely lighter than a zephyr, came over the waters in faint puffs, that did not even ripple the crests of the waves. The heavy sea, of the two preceding days had gone down, and the only perceptible motion of the deep was the long roll of the grand swell, as it heaved in towards the land. The ocean, indeed, seemed almost like an inland lake, so calm and unruffled was its surface. Before us lay the town, now wrapped in gloom, except here and there where a solitary light glimmered across the darkness. In the dim distance the tracery of the vessels that studded the harbor, lying high and dry on the land in consequence of the subsidence of the tide, appeared like some fairy net-work shadowed faintly against the sky. We pulled silently on, even the most unimaginative of us yielding, more or less, to the influence of the scene and hour.

At length we reached the outer pier of the harbor, having approached, for the last ten minutes, with great caution, lest we should be discovered and the enterprise frustrated. The strong ebb tide which we had to stem, had delayed us considerably beyond our allotted time, so that the day was now beginning to dawn. Paul Jones stood up in the stern-sheets. As he looked to the east and saw the faint streak of light which stretched along the horizon, he exclaimed,

"We have not a minute to lose. Mr. Wallingford," and he turned to the lieutenant, "you will take your boat's crew, make all speed to the north side of the harbor, and set fire to the shipping; while I, with my party, will proceed on the same errand in the opposite direction. We will rendezvous here as soon as possible. I need not remind you that time is everything, in this enterprise."

Without further words we parted, I going with the party destined to act with Paul Jones. We advanced in perfect silence at a rapid pace, and soon reached the small fort which was posted here to defend the harbor. All was still around and within it. The sentry appeared fortunately to have deserted his post for a few minutes. Of this circumstance the skipper hastened to avail himself.

"Come on, my lads," he said, waving his sword over his head, "we will scale the walls and surprise these laggarts in their beds. Silent and steady. Follow me."

At the word we dashed forward, crossed the ditch, clambered up the walls unopposed, and rushed towards the guard house. Alarmed at the sounds of footsteps, the soldiers within seized their muskets, and their officer was about forming them hastily, when we broke down the door, and, in a minute, had nearly filled the apartment.

"Throw down your arms," exclaimed Paul Jones, "or you are dead men."

The officer looked at the formidable array opposed to him, and appeared to hesitate; but his deliberations were cut short by his men, who, taken by surprise and terrified beyond measure by the brandished cutlasses of our tars, dropped their muskets. At a signal we rushed in on them, secured them and then proceeded to spike the guns.

"There once was another battery about a quarter of a mile beyond," said Paul Jones. "It is necessary to spike its guns too. I will go myself and do it. Do you come with me, Sidney."

Our somewhat perilous duty was soon performed; and on our return to the fort we hastened to the shipping, but at our arrival we found that the party left there had suffered their candle to go out, so that it was impossible to fire the vessels. We had no tinder; but Paul Jones endeavored to strike a light by means of some powder and the fore-lock of his pistol. All his efforts were, however, in vain.

The day, by this time, had dawned, and, in a few minutes the people of the harbor might be expected to be aroused, when their overpowering numbers would render our retreat dangerous, if not impossible. The idea, therefore, of firing the few craft at our end of the harbor was abandoned, and we pressed forward to Wallingford's party to secure their return to the boats, in case, in that quarter, the townsfolk should assume the defensive. As we hurried along, we expected, every minute, to see the dark smoke curling up from the vessels; but we looked in vain: no sign of fire appeared; and when we reached the lieutenant, Paul Jones broke out in some indignation.

"How is this?" he said, in his abrupt manner, when excited. "No ships fired—nothing done. It's now broad daylight, and the people, you see, are beginning to muster."

"The candle burnt out," said Wallingford, "and we have been unable to get a light."

As the same accident had happened to his own party, the mouth of the skipper was stopped. He turned around, shrugging his shoulders. At this instant his eye fell on a light burning in a house hard by, where the family, aroused by our voices, had collected in alarm. Without a word, Paul Jones, proceeded to the house, and speedily returned with a burning candle. Pointing to a vessel which lay surrounded by, at least, a hundred others, he said,

"Get some combustibles and bring them after me. Here"—he continued, when he had carried to the steerage a few old ropes and such other light matter as we could find, "fling them down," and applying the candle, he succeeded, with some difficulty, in lighting the pile. When it begun to burn freely we returned on deck.

It was now perfectly light. The cold gray and early morning had disappeared, and streaks of apple green along the eastern horizon told that the sun would soon appear. The whole town was aroused, and presented the appearance of a vast bee-hive, alarmed by the intrusion of a hostile missile. From every house door fronting the water, from each lane running to the pier, the inhabitants were to be seen hastening towards the beach, armed with rusty swords, old muskets, cutlasses, pistols, or whatever weapons they could lay hands on. At least a thousand persons had suddenly started to sight during the few moments we had been occupied in lighting the fire in the steerage. I looked from one to another of our party. Alarm was depicted on every face. Paul Jones alone appeared to remain unmoved. He spoke as if thinking aloud.

"We shall have barely time to make good our retreat to the pier, but if we go now, this fire can easily be put out, and the purpose of our expedition will fail. Ah! yonder is a barrel of tar," he exclaimed, pointing to it a few rods distant on the beach, "Sidney," and he turned to me, "take two men and bring it here."

His orders were promptly executed, for all felt that every second was vitally important. The barrel was flung on the fire, which directly blazed up red and furious, amid clouds of thick, black smoke.

"That will do," said he, rubbing his hands gleefully, "and now to make good our retreat."

But this was no easy undertaking. If there had been a thousand people thronging to the beach when I last looked, there was now, at least, double that number, nor were their intentions concealed. They saw the smoke rising from their shipping, and believing the whole fleet lost, their exasperation passed all bounds. Oaths and threats were heard on every hand, and it was apparent that the populace wanted only a leader to make our destruction certain, for what could thirty men do against thirty times that number, even though the latter were partially unarmed!

Luckily the pier was but a few steps distant and thither we hastily repaired. The crowd howled and hooted as we marched, hurling stones from a distance at us, but when we reached our boats, and they saw us about to embark and thus escape them, a rush was made towards us. Paul Jones turned around to us and coolly ordered the embarkation to continue, he then faced towards the foe, a few of us pressing to his side, resolved to share in the deadly conflict at hand. The enemy, who rushed forward in a tumultuous mass, stopped suddenly at beholding our bold stand; and here was seen the advantage of a leader, for had any one been there who possessed authority over the populace, and who would have led the way in person, our destruction would have been inevitable. But now each man looked to his neighbor, fearing to sacrifice his life if he advanced. Paul Jones saw our momentary advantage, and availed himself of it promptly.

"Stand back" he exclaimed. "The first one who advances is a dead man," and he held his pistol presented, having his finger on the trigger.

Our pursuers shrunk back a step, the most prominent seeming to wish their situation less exposed. Those in the rear, fearing to be left in the advance of this movement, also gave way, so that, in less than a minute, not an enemy remained on the pier.

The sun was now up at least half an hour high, the flames had burst from the steerage of the ship we had fired and were ascending the rigging. Success, apparently, had crowned our efforts: to remain longer would have been useless bravado; the men had, by this time, all embarked; and accordingly Paul Jones led the way towards the boats, the few of us remaining on the pier leaped into them, he followed, the word was given to push off, and with a jerk that almost snapped asunder their ashen blades the men sent the boats shooting, like arrows, across the water. For a few seconds after our departure the populace gazed silently and as if spell-bound on us. Their vast numbers might, even then, have intimidated less resolute men, for not only did they fill the head of the pier, but the eminences around were densely crowded with them. At length a low, sullen growl broke from the mob, they moved to and fro like an agitated sea, and directly about half the throng at the pier broke away from the rest and ran tumultuously towards the shipping, streaming along the beach in wild disorder like a flock of Autumn wild fowl. Their object was not long a secret. Directly they were seen crowding on the burning ship, buckets were produced, and we saw them laboring desperately and, in one or two cases, at considerable personal risk, to subdue the flames. To our chagrin they finally succeeded, at least so far as to prevent the fire from spreading to the other vessels.

Their courage seeming to rise with this success, we next noticed them engaged in dragging down a couple of guns to the pier; but before the pieces were ready to open their fire we were a mile in the offing. Our men pulled, with renewed vigor, however, at this demonstration, for so long as we remained within range we were liable to be sunk by a chance ball. The first discharge was waited for with some anxiety. We saw the match pompously brought forward, the stream of fire that gushed from the cannon's mouth, and then looked for the ball. It was richochetting over the waves a hundred fathom abreast of us. A laugh of derision broke from the skipper. The men burst into a huzza.

"We could send our messages better than that, I fancy," said Paul Jones, turning to me with a smile. "But pull away, my lads—by accident they might hit us. Yonder lies the Ranger, and we'll now have a brush again at the Drake."

The same day we crossed the Solway and came to off St. Mary's Isle.

CHAPTER VI.
THE SEA-FIGHT: A DENIAL.

We had now been thirteen days at sea, during which time we had captured or sunk four vessels, besides making two attempts on Whitehaven and one on the English man-of-war at Carrickfergus. The latter enterprize Paul Jones determined to adventure again. Accordingly we stood over to the mouth of the port and saw sufficient evidence to warrant us in the conclusion that the Drake was at length coming out. Already, as we looked into the harbor, we perceived her under weigh, while an incredible number of small boats surrounded her, filled with persons actuated by curiosity to see the approaching conflict. One of these boats soon shot out from the rest and rowed swiftly past the headland, with the apparent purpose of reconnoitering us. Examining her through a glass we saw that she belonged to the Drake. On this the skipper hastily disguised our ship as much as possible and ran up the English flag. The stratagem succeeded and the barge pulled towards us. When under our guns, however, the suspicions of her officer were aroused, and he would have taken to flight, but we hailed him, threatening to throw a ball into him if he did not surrender, whereupon, after a moment's hesitation, he pulled under our stern and came on board. His sword was then demanded and his men passed below. From this officer we learned that the news of our descent on Whitehaven had reached Carrickfergus the preceding evening, and that the opinion was general that the same ship which had essayed the capture of the Drake was the one that had perpetrated the other attack. Accordingly it had been determined to put to sea and endeavor to capture us. To ensure this she had taken on board a large number of volunteers, although her armament and crew before had been quite equal to ours.

This intelligence did not, however, intimidate our daring leader, though it would have caused uneasy fears in the breast of one less resolute and venturesome. Our situation was perilous in the extreme. We had come, as it were, into the lion's mouth; for we were cooped up in a narrow sea, between the shores of our enemy, with his three kingdoms in view from our decks. Never before had a hostile naval commander penetrated so far into the dominions of a foe. The consequences of our daring were already perceptible; for on every headland in sight, on both sides of the channel, beacon smokes were seen, rising black into the sky, telling far and near, to the inhabitants of the inland villages as well as to the dwellers along the coast, that an enemy was hovering on their shores. In a few hours, therefore, we might expect the sea to be alive with cruizers. One course alone was left to us—to fight, and then spread all sail from this dangerous ground.

"Here we are—pretty well in harm's way, Wallingford," said Paul Jones—"but the little Ranger has done her devoir before now, and we'll trust to her again. We'll heave-to at once, and await the enemy."

The tide was running into the loch, so that the Drake made headway but slowly, and, for more than an hour, we lay hove-to, awaiting her. Meantime we drifted to windward considerably. At length Paul Jones, becoming impatient, exclaimed,

"Up with your helm—quarter master—ha-a-rd. We'll run down to the fellow—it will be nightfall before he gets alongside."

The Ranger soon got as far in as was thought prudent, when we threw our main-top-sail aback and lay with our courses in the brails. Here the barge of the Drake, which was towing astern, became visible to the boats surrounding the enemy. On the instant, perceiving that we were the dreaded ship which had made the descent on Whitehaven, and that a combat was inevitable, their courage deserted them, and, unable to stand the near approach of danger, they turned and were seen hastening towards the land, scattering here and there in their flight.

Another hour passed, and still the Drake was occupied in beating out of the loch. The alarm, meantime, was spreading along the coast, and every minute was incalculably precious, since the chances that succor would arrive to the enemy momently increased. But the resolution of the skipper had imparted itself to the men, and on every countenance was seen an eager anxiety to engage the foe, though so much our superior.

"There she comes," suddenly exclaimed one, "she'll lay by the headland this time—huzza!"

Paul Jones happened, at that moment, to have his eye off the ship. He turned quickly and saw that what was said was true. Never shall I forget the eager exultation depicted in his eyes. He remained gazing in silence on the foe until the headland was past and she began to lay a straight course into the offing. At this instant a gun was fired from her across our bows, and simultaneously we beheld a roll of bunting shoot up to her gaff, where it unwound and displayed the red field and cross which had been victorious in so many battles.

"Shew 'em the stars and stripes," said Paul Jones, his whole demeanor betraying the enthusiasm which characterized him on the eve of battle—"plant in their faces what they call the rebel flag, and then God help the right."

Up sped the roll of bunting at the word: it fell heavily down an instant, then lifted slowly and again collapsed, and finally blew steadily out, displaying, for the first time, in the presence of those haughty shores, the glorious banner of our country. As the flag whipped out in the faces of the foe, the enthusiasm of the crew, no longer controllable, burst into a huzza, which seemed as if it would rend the very welkin.

"Now fill and stand off the land," said Paul Jones, his form proudly erect and his eye glaring at the scene, "but under easy canvass. We must get the enemy into mid-channel. Then, my lads, fight like devils."

Another cheer answered his words,—and the ship, obeying his instructions, slowly stood off the land, the English man-of-war following, and rapidly gaining on us.

The moments that precede a man's first battle, mark an epoch in his life. Talk as we may about courage, no one can say what his feelings will be, when about to engage in a mortal strife, until he has passed the ordeal. Though I had been at sea most of my life, it had been in a period of profound peace, and I had never, therefore, encountered an enemy in deadly combat. But I was now about to do it. In a few minutes the battle must inevitably be begun, and in a second after, I might be in the presence of my God. As the man-of-war drew nearer and was already within hail, this consciousness affected me with constantly increasing power. I can scarcely, however, analyze my feelings. At first my heart fluttered nervously; but soon I was possessed with a feeling of solemnity. I scarcely drew my breath while the enemy was slowly closing with us and every second might be expected to bring down the iron hail. Once I looked around on my immediate neighbors, for we were all at our quarters. Every eye was fixed on the foe; the varying emotions of the younger members of the crew visible in the rapidly changing hue of the cheek, and the calm resolution of the veterans perceptible in the piercing gaze and settled frown with which they regarded the enemy. Not a whisper was heard. No sound was there in that profound silence except the dash of the water under our bows, and the deep anxious breathing of the men. The moments gradually became oppressive; I thought I would give worlds if the battle would only begin, when I might exchange its wild excitement for this horrible suspense. At length a man leaped into the mizzen rigging of the foe, and hailed,

"What ship is that? This is his majesty's ship the Drake."

"This is the American Continental ship Ranger," said the master, obeying the skipper's prompting. "We wait for you, and beg you will come on. The sun is little more than an hour high, and it is time to begin."

As the last word was rung out by the master's stentorian voice, our gallant little ship fell broad off, and, at the instant, we heard Paul Jones thunder,

"Fire!"

The word passed down the batteries like lightning. Each match was instantaneously applied, and the whole broadside went off in a sheet of flame. Almost simultaneously, through the white clouds of smoke that floated back across our decks, we saw the sulphureous glare of our adversary's guns, and his balls came whistling overhead, and ploughing across our decks. One poor fellow, not far from my side, had both legs struck off by a shot. He fell forward, the blood spouting from the trunk like the jet of a force pump. I turned away from the sickening sight. We could do him no good; he was already dead. At the same instant our first lieutenant fell at his division. The spectacle inflamed our men to madness.

"Give it to 'em, my hearties"—shouted the old boatswain, his voice rising, lion-like, over the tumult. "Revenge for our shipmate, revenge! We'll shew them what Nantucket can do, I reckon. Have at the bloody villains, old bull-dog," he exclaimed, patting his piece, and applying the match; we saw the main-royal mast of the enemy fall before the swerving aim of the veteran.

The fire now became incessant, both ships running off before the wind meanwhile. On our part the deficiency of numbers was made up by the zeal and activity of the crew. Stripped nearly naked they worked like fiends, nor did they look unlike such, with their grimed faces, through the white cloud of smoke that hung around the decks. As spar after spar of the enemy fell, their shouts rose up, clear and high, over the roar of the cannonade; while, at the sight of their wounded shipmates carried by, they would jerk out the guns with an oath, or send the rammer home with redoubled energy. Though we suffered severely ourselves, both in rigging and men, it was soon evident that the British had the worst of it; for indeed, how could her paid mariners contend, even when in superior numbers, against men fighting for their native land, for their own liberties, and for the honor of their wives and daughters! A single thought appeared to possess our gallant tars—it was that they battled in an arena where thousands of their enemies were looking on. The idea gave them increased courage. Animating each other by cheers they fought on with unfaltering bravery, and soon the foe began to flinch from his guns.

"Another round, my lads!" shouted the boatswain, who was the idol of the crew, "Give them a full dose of Nantucket pepper. Ha! there goes his ensign—shot away clean off by the gaff. Pour it in—the day will soon be our own."

But the enemy, stung with the thought of being conquered in sight of his own shores, now rallied, and resumed his fire with greater vigor than ever. The combat soon became of the most terrific character. The smoke lay packed on the water between the contending ships, and clung around the bulwarks, shrouds and masts on deck, almost concealing our bows from those of us posted aft. Through the midst of this dim canopy, the men, like huge Cyclopeans, were seen flitting to and fro; while the splintering of wood, the crash of falling spars, and the cries and groans of the wounded, mingling with the loud roar of the cannonade, made up a scene of horror and confusion indescribable. The wind had been lulled by the constant explosion of the guns, and the ships having lost their headway, now lay side by side, belching forth their fiery torrent against each other. Suddenly the voice of the boatswain was again heard,

"Huzza!" he cried, "there goes her maintopsail yard to the gaff—one more round and the day is won. Huzza!"

Again our guns poured in their iron tempest, and this time with terrible effect. The main-top gallant yard and gaff were seen hanging up and down; and the jib had fallen into the water; a dark red stream was pouring from one of the scuppers; and even over the crash of the spars we heard the agonizing shrieks of the wounded.

"Quarter, for God's sake quarter," exclaimed a voice from the Drake—"we surrender, our ensign is already gone."

Long and loud was the cheer that burst from our men at this announcement; some of the most excited clasped each others' hands frantically, and tears of patriotic joy ran down the cheeks of others. The cannonade was instantly stopped, the sharp shooters in the tops and on the poop ordered to cease their fire, and a boat sent off to the prize. I was one of the boarding party; and the scene that met my eyes as we stepped on the decks of the foe, cannot readily be effaced from my memory. The planks were slippery with blood; several of the guns were dismounted; and the bodies of the slain lay promiscuously about, with those of the wounded who could not yet be carried below. On the quarter deck reclined the captain of the sloop dying from a musket shot in the head, and already past consciousness. The first lieutenant was in the cockpit mortally wounded. We received the ship from an inferior officer; and though this was my first victory, the sad sight of so much blood and havoc filled me with melancholy.

The prize was soon cleared, the dead solemnly committed to the deep, everything that could be done to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded was effected, and then, after the necessary repairs, we set sail for France. The wind, however, came around foul the next day, and we were forced to put about and run up the channel. By the next evening we were once more off the bay of Belfast. Here we dismissed the two fishermen we had captured on our first visit, giving them, at their departure, a boat, some money, and sufficient necessaries to last them several days. To these we added a sail from the Drake.

"It's a sailor's way," said Paul Jones, "of telling them that we have captured her. King George will soon read the letter, or his minions will read it for him. And now for *la belle France*."

Our arrival at Brest, where we came to anchor on the 8th of May, with our prize in company, produced an astonishing sensation. The boldness with which Paul Jones entered the narrow sea between England and Ireland; the rapidity with which events followed each other there—a week only having elapsed since our arrival off the Isle of Man, to the capture of the Drake; and, lastly, the courage with which, in single combat, and in sight of the enemy's shores, we had conquered a vessel far superior to us, elicited universal praise from a people ever ready to extol brilliant deeds in war, and, accordingly, not only our commander, but ourselves, were caressed, especially in the naval circles, with enthusiasm.

But I turned from these triumphs with an eager longing to behold Mary, and having obtained the permission of Paul Jones, I set forth from Brest, counting every hour of the way until I reached Paris. Driving to an inn, I attired myself at once, and started to walk to Mr. Harper's hotel. As I turned the corner near it, I saw his carriage stop at the door, and Mary descend and trip lightly into the house. With a heart fluttering with joy and gladness I hurried to the entrance and knocked. The gate was opened by the well-known porter. I breathlessly asked after Miss Harper, expecting him almost to step aside before I spoke.

"Not at home!" said the man, preparing to close the gate.

"Not at home!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Surely you are mistaken—I saw her just now enter—don't you know me?"

The man stared at me vacantly, and still continued closing the gate.

"Not at home!" he said.

"Good God," I exclaimed, a suspicion of the truth breaking on me, "am I not to be admitted."

The man shrugged his shoulders, and closed the entrance without answering, leaving me bewildered and speechless without.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR OCTOBER.

LORD BYRON AT VENICE.

BY HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

A saffron tint o'erspread the broad lagoon,
Caught from the golden west, and as its flush
Deepened to crimson, and the crystal air
Beamed like a rainbow, sweetly was revealed
The secret of their art, whose magic hues
Still make the palace walls of Venice glow
With colors born in heaven.
Men of all climes
Cluster within her square—the passive Turk
With jewelled turban, the mercurial Greek
And sombre Jew, and, gliding with a step
Whose echo stirs the heart, fair shapes flit by
Shrouded in black; yet evening wakes not there
The sounds that fill the cities of the land;
No rumbling wheel or tramp of passing steed
Drowns the low hum of voices as they rise;
But from her window, on a lone canal,
The fair Venetian hears the plash of oars,
The tide that ripples by the mossy wall,
Some distant melody or convent bell,
And cry of gondoliers, when their bright prows
Clash at an angle of the lonely street.

From the deep shadow of the ducal pile
Shot a dark barge, that floated gently on
Into the bosom of the quiet bay,
And springing lightly thence a noble form
Reveled alone amid the sleeping waves—
Now, like an athlete, cleaving swift his way;
And now, the image of a sculptor's dream,
Pillowed upon the sea, gazing entranced
From that wild couch up to the rosy clouds
And cradled thus, like her whom he adored—
Beauty's immortal goddess at her birth—
His throbbing brow grew still, and his whole frame
Nerved with refreshing coolness, and the thirst
Of passion's fever vanished from his heart.
He turned from Venice, with a bitter smile,
To the vast firmament and waters pure,
And, eager for their clear tranquility,
Sighed for a home in some far nook of earth,
Where to one true and genial soul allied,
His restless spirit might be fed with hope,
Till peace should steal upon him, like the calm
Of that delicious eve!

From the Magazines

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR OCTOBER.

THE WILDREDGES.
Or; The Two Pictures of Life.

BY EZRA HOLDEN.

"No, Henry, you are altogether wrong."

"How so, Elizabeth?"

"Because you are too extensively in business to hesitate now."

"But I sometimes fear the consequences."

"That is a foolish fear. How do others manage? Don't they make one debt with which to pay another? You must do the same."

"Would you advise me then to buy the block of stores which Mr. Whitwell seems so anxious to sell?"

"Certainly—he asks but little cash down, and it will keep up your credit."

"That, thank fortune, has never been doubted; but these heavy operations oppress me. I was far more happy in the little store in Congress street, and even when I worked at my honest trade—"

"Yes, you are forever harping about your mechanic trade. I hate it, Harry. I don't see the necessity when people have risen in the world to be eternally talking about their origin."

"Perhaps it may check us, wife, from going too fast in our new career."

"There is far more fear of it serving to keep us down in the world. You know Julia is to be brought out at our great party on Wednesday evening, and the Whitneys, Parleys and Gardiners would not be of the jam if they knew her father started life in a smutty and filthy machine shop."

"But, Elizabeth, it was an honorable business and gave me a start in the world."

"What if it did? You're a merchant and capitalist now, and should deport yourself accordingly."

"Well, well, it is of no use to discuss this point with you. Besides, the hour has nearly arrived when I was to meet Mr. Whitwell and say yes or no about the block of buildings."

"Say yes, husband, for it was only last week that Whitman Johnson made his great purchase in Bowdoin Place; and I am sure, at the party of the Shaws, every body was saying how rich he is becoming."

"But Whitman has been a bold operator and a most fortunate one also."

"Yet he started life when you did, Harry, and has done all by courage in great speculations."

"And I shall not deny that I have entered into many heavy operations in real estate from the daring example he has set."

"That was right, Harry. Were I a man, I would not let my old school fellows run away from me in the race of fortune, if adventure and *courage* would prevent it."

Harry Wildredge was an enterprising young man. Commencing life with nothing but his own hands, he had, after a few years of very successful business, married Elizabeth Woodbridge, the daughter of one who had been a wealthy merchant ere reverses somewhat changed his business condition. To live in a style corresponding with the expectancy of the family into which he had been received as a son-in-law, required him to set up a very extensive establishment, and the new associates he formed, with the dazzling whirlpool of society into which he was thrown, soon caused him to lose sight of the prudential habits of trade, which had, by dint of devotion to business, placed him, at the period of his marriage, in the possession of a fortune which was regarded as most ample. Legitimate trade was now abandoned for what was regarded as a shorter road to an enormous fortune.

His young wife, ambitious to eclipse others, was ever his counsellor to push forward in the career of rapid fortune-making; and when he went to the counting-house to meet Mr. Whitwell, for the purpose of giving an answer in regard to the block of buildings, his mind was not a little swayed by what she had that morning urged. "Yes," he said to himself, "what she says is all true. I must not hesitate now. My career must be onward. I must keep pace with the bold adventures of my friends. A few more great operations and fortune may so smile upon me that I shall be able to retire altogether from active pursuits. I will purchase the block of buildings in Summer Place, and any others which may offer under such favorable auspices."

The purchase was accordingly made; and it appeared as if this were a new starting point in the adventurous career of Henry Wildredge. There was evidently a powerful impulse at work in his mind. He never looked back again. The heaviest operators were eclipsed; and for years he was regarded as one of the greatest as well as one of the boldest adventurers who appeared on 'change.

Elizabeth Wildredge was in her glory. The greatest splendor prevailed both at her town and country house, and when she appeared upon the fashionable drive in her magnificent carriage, it cannot be denied that she was not unfrequently the envy of those who had to content themselves with a less costly turn out. As a devotee of fashion, none were more ardent than Mrs. Wildredge; and, as a consequence, she could find but little time to devote to the guidance of Julia's mind. Indeed, her daughter had been completely turned over to the care of others, and she was educated only as one who would become the heiress of an immense estate, and have about her, all her lifetime, others to attend to her most trifling wants.

Her father, completely lost in the extent, bewilderments and distractions of an enormous business had neither time nor thoughts to bestow in the counsel or guidance even of his only daughter; and thus, at a period when, above all others, she most needed parental sympathy, watchfulness and control, the expectant heiress was literally left to her own will. She was surrounded constantly with a train of suitors, from among the gay, unoccupied and thoughtless gallants of society; and among all a young nobleman from abroad, Count Delande, was most frequently her attendant whenever she appeared in the public promenades.

It was the custom of Mrs. Wildredge, every Summer, to commence the fashionable season at the watering places, by spending a few weeks at the White Sulphur, in Virginia, and then to proceed, as the warmer season advanced, to the thronged resorts of the North. But as several families of their acquaintance were, in two weeks, to proceed to Niagara, Julia, who was always permitted to do as she pleased, expressed a desire not to accompany her mother to the White Sulphur, but went with the friends of the family, directly to the Falls. It was six weeks before Mrs. Wildredge reached Niagara, and then she met the surprising intelligence that Julia was not there. Count Delande had arrived the week previously, and the last that had been seen of either, they went out in the family carriage to ride. A letter was despatched to Mr. Wildredge, who made immediate preparations to go in pursuit of the runaways: but the evening before he was ready to start, he received another letter, couched in the usual terms of pretended repentance, asking forgiveness for the elopement, and a parent's pardon that Julia had become the Countess Delande.

This mortifying event at once put an end to Mrs. Wildredge's season at the watering places.

On the evening of her return home, she was seated in the parlor with her husband. It was evident enough that he was deeply affected by the elopement of Julia. There was, too, a shade of momentary depression on the countenance of Mrs. Wildredge, but rallying herself, she endeavored to rally her husband also.

"We must write at once to have them return home. If the Count has run through with his whole fortune, we are told he is of good family, and we must provide them an establishment suitable to the rank his extraction will give him in society."

"Well, Elizabeth, there does not now appear any other course to pursue; but, to me, this is the most painful occurrence of my life."

The runaways were accordingly written for. They returned at once, and, as soon as convenient, proper steps were taken to settle them in a costly and elegantly furnished house, in Beekman Square. Agreeably to the wishes of the mother, there was nothing neglected to set them out in magnificence, splendor and show, and they started life with nothing to do but to participate in all the luxuries which wealth could purchase, and indulge in whatever their caprice might dictate.

With such a start, the count felt he had nothing to care for but to go forward in a career of extravagant leisure. And this was so perfectly in coincidence with his taste and disposition, the future soon showed that he was not to be eclipsed in brilliancy of expenditure, even by the most extravagant of the city.

For several years, Mr. Wildredge continued to extend his business. He had become largely concerned in manufactures, and was also extensively engaged in commerce. Indeed, there were few vast adventures, even at the adventurous period in which he was operating, wherein he did not have an interest. It appears to be a law of hazard that the more great risks are taken the more anxious and willing to strike boldly and widely becomes the hazardous adventurer. From dealing in thousands, men come to deal in hundreds of thousands, and millions, with as little consideration as they at first made contracts for a few hundred. It was truly so with Mr. Wildredge. Urged on, as we have seen he constantly was, by the great ambition of his wife, the condition of the business in which he were now so unboundedly involved did not allow him to look back or stand still in his adventurous and exciting career.

A few years previous to the period of which we are speaking, Whitney Farnsworth, an intimate acquaintance, departed this life, appointing Mr. Wildredge the executor of his last will and testament. He left a large estate, bequeathed to his estimable widow and two children, a little girl and boy.

The property, with the exception of what was necessary to the support of the widow and her children, remained in the care Mr. Wildredge. It was the wish of Mrs. Farnsworth that it should do so, and, at each annual exhibit, he had shown a very prosperous advance, which increased the already unlimited confidence she had in his management of the estate. Such was the relation which Mr. Wildredge bore to the family of his deceased friend, when Mrs. Farnsworth was taken suddenly and seriously ill. It was but a few weeks from the commencement of her indisposition, when her physician gave up all hopes of her recovery. She accordingly made every preparation for so solemn an event, and, confirming the selection of her departed husband, she solicited Mr. Wildredge to become the guardian of her dear children. He accepted the sacred trust, and, in a few days afterwards, standing at the death-bed of the devoted mother, as he raised little Mary and Edward in his arms to receive the last kiss of affection from her trembling lips, he gave her the most solemn promise that he would be as a father unto them. She raised her eyes to heaven, and, with a smile of angelic delight, said, with her last breath, "Then I die in peace."

Acting on his own devoted feelings, at the time of their mother's decease, it would have been the wish of his heart if he could have received the orphan children to the bosom of his own family. But he had his fears that his wife was so engrossed in the fashionable world, such an arrangement would be wholly repugnant to her wishes; and this he found was the case when, a few evenings afterward, he suggested it to her. The only alternative now left was to place them under the care of the nearest relative, Mrs. Susannah Sprague, a young widowed cousin of their deceased mother, and whose circumstances were such that the receipt of a salary for devoting herself to the orphan children would not be unacceptable.

This arrangement was accordingly made, and, for two years after the death of widow Farnsworth, both the devoted guardian and the kind-hearted widow, under whose immediate care they were placed, seemed only to rival each other in kindness and attention to the orphan children.

It was the first week in August, during the third year after the decease of Mrs. Farnsworth, that Mr. Wildredge was sitting in the back parlor of their country house, which overlooked the beautiful parterre, from which there seemed a rivalry among the fruits and flowers of almost every clime, to delight the senses of every recipient. But they seemed to have no charms for the master of that delightful mansion. It was obvious that some painful event was weighing heavily upon him. Mrs. Wildredge, who had just returned in her carriage from the country house of the Kitterages, even entered unperceived. She could not fail to observe the altered appearance of her husband, and, with the utmost gayety of her feelings, she remarked,

"Well, by your looks, husband, one would fear you were utterly ruined."

"I fear that my looks are but the index of the fatal truth I must tell you. Draw your chair nearer, Elizabeth—*Delande is a forger!* I have this day been compelled to draw upon the funds of the orphan children, and pay sixty-eight thousand dollars of their money to save Julia from disgrace by the world's knowing that her husband is a forger and a gambler."

"Gracious heavens, you astound me!"

"But how shall I tell you all! During the last year and a half, I have been compelled to pay such vast sums for the extravagance of Delande, that, coupled with the great losses I have experienced in business, it will be impossible for me longer to meet my payments. I have passed a year of the most unparalleled misery. But I can endure it no longer. I must make immediate provision to repay the money of the orphan children, and then failure is inevitable."

It would be useless to attempt to picture the emotions with which both husband and wife passed that night.

In the morning, Mr. Wildredge drove to the city at the usual business hour, bent upon one all-absorbing determination to provide means to replace the trust funds of the orphans, ere the final wreck of his fortunes should place it beyond his power to do so. But it seemed as if the fates were against him. Delande had taken a packet which sailed that morning for France. And it had been discovered on 'Change that forgeries, to the amount of forty or fifty thousand dollars more, had been perpetrated by him. As is ever the case in such an emergency, rumor had been busy with her thousand tongues. It was immediately known that Mr. Wilredge had drawn upon the trust fund of the orphans to pay former forgeries. Many of the enormous sums he had previously paid for Delande's defalcations were circulated about with all the exaggeration and coloring such an excited curiosity is ever sure to produce. To add to the agony of his misfortunes, Mr. Wildredge had large sums to pay that day, to meet bills; but, with the tide of exaggerated rumor which was rushing through the city, it was utterly impossible for him to do so; and he was compelled to submit to the dishonor of his paper, without being able to make any previous provision for the replacement of the funds belonging to the orphan children.

It was now at a period of commercial depression, and too soon was it ascertained that the failure brought utter ruin to the fortunes of the Wildredges. It was a sad fall. Who can paint the touching reverse of such a picture? It seemed as if their former high standing, and the troops of world-admirers who had attended their glittering career, were the most ardent of true causes now that pointed out the shortest route to escape the fallen family, in their utter ruin and desolation.

It has been truly said that woman has more fortitude than man, under the most trying emergencies. Not much over a year elapsed, after the failure, when this truth began its illustration in the wife of the ruined merchant. We have seen Elizabeth Wildredge as the gay, thoughtless, fashion-seeking and ambitious member of the world of show, glitter and mistaken rivalry. But how changed now! At first, the unexpected failure of her husband struck her with consternation. But soon she began to be aroused. She looked back upon the past. Oh, what a history was it for her! Upon its every page, she saw the bitter rebukings of her own career, and the true woman was inspired. She saw that there was nothing left to them now. False friends had all flown away. Her husband was dispirited. In his career of prudential business, she had ever urged him to push forward, to rival the most dazzling adventurers, and now she felt certain she had been deeply to blame. Her father, who had been, of late years, overburthened with an expensive and extravagant family, brought up to do nothing, was now wholly unable to assist to recover her fallen fortunes.

For the first time in her life she saw the world as it really was. It had been a most bitter experience to come to it, but she felt convicted they had been entirely upon a wrong route. From that hour she was a resolved woman—stimulated with the true pride of making all the amends, for her great fault, which any womanly effort would in an honorable way permit her to achieve.

A half year more had passed away. Mr. Wildredge was now offered a situation as book-keeper in the mercantile house of Mr. Gray. He was glad to accept it; the salary was not large, to be sure, but it was most acceptable in the present condition of the fallen family.

They had taken a neat little cottage, in the suburbs of the city, for the purpose of squaring their expenditures to their scanty income. Mr. Wildredge was more cheerful, now that he had regular employment. He began to feel, too, the happy change that had come over the wife of his bosom. Besides, Julia was with them, and had been ever since the sad developments in regard to her worthless husband. She had been a deep sufferer from the disgrace, mortification and awful change which had followed the profligate and wicked career of Delande. But her mother was now a real mother to her. By her example of resignation, affection and devotion, Julia gradually became a changed being. With a good heart naturally—a pernicious and false system of education—the neglect of parental counsel in early life, and an almost total abandonment to her own wishes and will, had permitted Julia to grow up a thoughtless, untrained and unrelenting aspirant, in the false and delirious ways of the most artificial society even of the great metropolis itself. She had never been, in former days, the companion or confidante of her own mother. But that mother had seen the great error she had committed, and, yielding to no persuasion but that of the most fixed determination to repair, if possible, the deficiency of the past, she clung to her only daughter, with that warmth of zeal and purity of devotion which the true mother is alone capable of displaying. They were inseparable friends and companions now, and both had come to know that there is an inexhaustible mine of unalloyed happiness springing from the true relations of the mother and her daughter, and which unfolds its richest jewels only where there is an unceasing correspondence to develop the productive and priceless treasures of reciprocal affections.

It was now most obviously the single purpose of the mother not only to implant correct views of life in the mind of Julia, but, what was best of all, to carry out those principles into practical life, by her own example.

The labors of Mr. Wildredge were, likewise, most cheerfully yielded to, but, with his small salary, it was soon seen that they had no prospect of bettering their pecuniary situation. One evening, about a year after he had taken his situation as the book-keeper of Mr. Gray, they were sitting in the parlor of the sweet little cottage, which had now become the abode of real happiness. The conversation turned upon the excessive application which the observant and affectionate wife declared was too severe for her husband to perform.

"Now, Harry," she quickly added, "I hope you will not oppose us, for Julia and her mother have, for some time, been forming a plan to see what they can do toward earning their own pin-money."

"And what, pray, do you propose to do more than you now so faithfully accomplish?"

"Why, husband, we are going to set up a school; and we have already the daughters of six of our friends engaged to commence with."

"That you would find far more confining than is my situation as book-keeper, and I——"

"No, no, father, you cannot vote against us now, it is altogether too late for that. We are to be inaugurated next Monday, to begin our seminary in due form, and shall expect you to make the opening address on the occasion. You must make a virtue of necessity, therefore, and cast your vote in the affirmative."

The school was accordingly opened. Small as it was in the beginning, its successful progress soon proved what the determination of a persevering wife and her devoted daughter can accomplish. Their hearts were in it—and that is always the way to victory in anything.

After the close of the first year, "Rose Hill School" progressed rapidly to fame. The acquaintances of the Wildredges, seeing the consecrated energy of Julia and her mother, were proud to aid forward their worthy and useful exertions. They appeared to join their daughters to the seminary as a privilege to themselves; and not six months of the second year passed away before Mrs. Wildredge was delighted that the number of her pupils required her to rent an adjacent and much more spacious dwelling to accommodate the school. From that time forward, it went gradually upward with wide-spread success, usefulness and fame, until it was but comparatively a few years more, when in point of profit and respectability, there were few young ladies' seminaries in the country that would at all compare with it; and that was a proud moment for the active mother and her daughter.

It is a source of true happiness to win success in any worthy enterprise in which we feel that our talents are usefully and advantageously employed. If this truth was ever fully developed in any two individuals, their friends felt it was most triumphant in the felicity which reigned at "Rose Hill Cottage." By the gains of the successful seminary, they had this year purchased the abode in which they first commenced trying their womanly energies—and, by a judicious expenditure in architectural ornaments and taste, it was justly regarded now as one of the sweetest cottages which the delightful suburbs of the city afforded. The grounds were delightfully laid out, and ornamented; and if there was not so much richness, splendor and show as were to be seen at the magnificent country residence in which they resided in former days, there was incomparably more happiness. They had true and devoted friends now—those who loved, cherished and admired. There was no false show or artificial pride; but there were reality, simplicity, honest hearts and smiling faces. Few, indeed, are the fathers and husbands who are not made most happy by the proper devotion of their wives and daughters; and, as for Harry Wildredge, he was the happiest man living.

"We have taken two new scholars to-day, husband," remarked Mrs. Wildredge, as they were sitting under the balcony, one delightful summer's eve, inhaling the sweet perfume given out by the clustering honey suckles that had entwined themselves around and above.

"Come, father," added Julia, "can you guess who they are—when I tell you that in our young ladies' seminary, by especial privilege of the school, one of our new scholars is a boy—and we are determined to keep him permanently, too?"

"I think I shall not be able to conjecture, in that dilemma, my daughter, and so I will wait till your school assembles in the morning to ascertain?"

"No, husband," said Mrs. Wildredge, as she came forward, leading in either hand a sweet little girl and boy; "I think your curiosity must not be so long postponed, and so may I introduce the orphan children of your dear deceased friend, as our future pupils?"

"God bless you, my wife and daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Wildredge, as a tear of gratitude stole down his happy face. "In this you have indeed filled up my cup of human felicity."

"Yes, my husband, with God's blessing, if devotion can do it, will we endeavor to educate aright the widow's children—we will be a father and mother to them. From the first hour we commenced our school, we had the determination to receive them into it, the moment they should be old enough to come. That period had arrived—and it is, indeed, one of the happiest moments of my life."

Years rolled away, and most faithfully did they fulfil the promise of that night.

The seminary continued to progress most prosperously, until it had again become indispensable to extend the dimension of its edifices, and multiply the number of assistant teachers, in almost every department.

To the fortunes of Mr. Wildredge there had come, likewise, an unexpected flood of success. Mr. Gray had for many years been pursuing commercial operations with unprecedented advantage. His business had greatly widened this year upon his hands, and, loving Mr. Wildredge as he would a brother, he proposed to receive him as a partner in his concern giving a third of the profits of the entire business.

We have not named before that Mr. Gray was a bachelor, but it is far more gratifying to write it now, especially as we have a right to suppose the reader has become not a little interested in the fortunes of the devoted Julia. Almost from the time they removed to the neat little villa at "Rose Hill," Mr. Gray was a constant and intimate visiter there. The maker of his own fortune, by prudence, straightforwardness and commercial integrity, he had, from the outset, taken a deep interest in beholding the delightful revolution which had come over the family of his early associate. But none had conjectured—not even the ancient maidens of their acquaintance—that his purpose was to propose for Julia; and in this, acting like the prudent merchant that he had ever shown himself, he kept his own secret of intended negotiation until the proper moment arrived. Then he first asked the consent of his partner in business—the next day, that of the principal of "Rose Hill Seminary," and last, "though not least," the same evening, that of her confidential adviser and associate. Julia said, "I have no objections, Mr. G., to the matrimonial co-partnership, provided my dear parents, this time, approve the choice;" and to this the straight-forward merchant was prepared promptly to reply. "Then we might as well seal the contract at as early a day as will suit your convenience, for I first obtained the approval of your father and mother."

The following morning, the whole family assembled to consult upon so important a change as the removal from office of the vice-presidentess of "Rose Hill School."

"I have only one objection, Mr. Gray, to the proposed change," said Mrs. Wildredge, "and that is, I hardly know how I am to submit to a separation of my children, for to me the departed widow's children are the same as my own. To them I owe a debt which I feel I never can repay, but, with such means as Providence has blessed me with, I shall, through my whole life-time, do all in my power to make amends."

"Oh, my dear mother, I cannot find words to tell you, but this pestering old bachelor has anticipated us all. Would you believe it, last evening he insisted upon it—as a codicil to our marriage settlement, I suppose—that I become the mother of the orphan children, and they shall live with us as our children."

"That can never be, my dearest Julia, unless you take your mother with them—for, in my natural life, I shall never be separated from the orphan children."

"Nor shall you, my mother," quickly returned Mr. Gray, "because I am never going to be separated from you. We are to live together. So be kind enough to make arrangements, as quickly as may be, to surrender your authority as presidentess of 'Rose Hill Seminary,' for you are henceforth to live with us, and act as the presidentess only of our household."

Never was there a family more united than the one which grew out of this propitious marriage. In ten years from the wedding-day, Mr. Wildredge had deposited with Mr. Gray the funds of the orphans which he had expended in an hour of wild speculation and commercial embarrassment; and that night, as he gathered the whole family around him, in the sweet cottage of "Rose Hill," which had never been deserted, he kneeled before the altar of his God in devout thankfulness, feeling and acknowledging that this was indeed the happiest moment of his earthly existence.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR OCTOBER.

FUN WITH THE DOCTOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Who is it?"

"Doctor Carpus, Miss."

"Oh fiddlestick on Doctor Carpus! I wish he would stay at home and mind his own business."

These brief sentences passed between Miss Mary Mayflower and the servant, who had made her appearance at Mary's chamber door after admitting a visitor.

"Carpus is quite a passable fellow, Jane," Mary's sister remarked, smiling a little sarcastically.

"You had better go down and entertain him then."

"No, I thank you, Miss! I beg leave to decline that honor. His attentions are special, and my pretty sister Mary is the object of them. I wish you joy, Mrs. Doctor Carpus."

"Now that is too bad, sis! I declare I will insult him if you worry me after that style!"

"No, don't do that, Mary. No lady can be excused for wantonly insulting a gentleman."

"But what am I to do? He is intolerable to me, and yet persists in coming here two or three times a week. If he would only ask for you occasionally—or, if the girls were at home?—But no—'Miss Mary Mayflower!' is the word, and I must parade myself down, and endure his tittle-tattle for an hour. I wish I'd sent word down that I was not at home."

"And so burdened your conscience with a lie."

"Exactly! That's the rub."

"No—no—sis. That is not the remedy. Say that you are engaged—if you do not wish to see him."

"I'm not too much engaged to see company. So that would be as much a lie as the other."

"Say then, that you cannot be seen. Base your actions on the truth, and abide there."

"That's easy enough to advise; but not so easy to do."

"It would be easy enough for Mary Mayflower, if she once set her head that way. My sister is not, I believe, in the habit of stopping at half-way measures, or to ask what may be the result of an action, if she feels much inclination to do it. So I must conclude, that there are some attractions about Doctor Carpus after all."

"Oh, of course! Some wonderfully strong attractions!" returned Mary, half-laughing, half-vexed, as she left the room to attend Doctor Carpus below.

"Good evening, Doctor!"

"Good evening, Miss Mary!"

Were said with a forced smile of pleasure on one side, and a real smile on the other. Then came,

"It is a delightful evening."

"Yes, beautiful."

"The air is as soft and balmy as May."

"Yes. We have had very pleasant weather lately."

"The finest I ever remember to have known."

A pause.

"How beautiful the evening sky is!" resumed Carpus, eloquently—"The moon is brilliant, and the stars shine with an unusual lustre. Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, are all above the horizon. It is rare indeed, that our firmament is so richly studded with gems."

"Rarely indeed."

"Have you met with Nichol's Architecture of the Heavens?"

"No sir."

"Speaking of Saturn, reminds me of the volume. I don't know when I have been more interested in a work. His nebular hypothesis is most admirably sustained. By it, the rings of Saturn are more satisfactorily accounted for than by any other theory I have met. Likewise, the Zodiacal lights, comets, systems of stars—the vast nebulous masses that lie far off in the almost infinite depths of space, and only dimly revealed by aid of powerful telescopes; in fact the whole universe of suns and stars."

"It must be an attractive volume."

"Exceedingly so, especially to the student of natural science. To me it has been a feast of reason. In the science of astronomy, there is something that lifts a man out of himself—that carries him up, as it were, into the seventh heaven of his mind. Something that reveals the divinity within him."

As Dr. Carpus, whom the reader ought to know, was a young M. D., with a diploma six months old, handsomely framed and hung up conspicuously in his office, said this, he could not help rising from his chair, and taking a turn or two across the floor, at the same time that his right hand sought his forehead, and brushed back the long hair, to reveal its (the forehead's) ample (in his mind) dimensions. As this is a very good place to say it, it might as well come in here, that Doctor Carpus was a young man of twenty-two, who had a very good conceit of himself. He had graduated, after a regular course of three years' instruction, with more credit according to his own idea than any other student at the University. It is true, that the Professors of Chemistry and Anatomy, if asked their opinion of the matter, might have given a different testimony. Still, Carpus was sincere. He really thought that he had graduated with distinguished honor.

The good conceit of himself which thus led him into a false estimate of his worth in this respect, accompanied him in all other matters. In opening his office, he had no doubt but that, in the course of a very short time, he would be overrun with business. Six months' experience rather made his mind waver in regard to this, when a friend suggested, that it was next to impossible for an unmarried physician to succeed. He must have a wife to add weight to his professional importance. The hint was at once taken, and Doctor Carpus began to look around for some one whom he would be willing to take as a partner. In considering this matter, he laid it down as a governing rule in the case, that Mrs. Carpus must be rich and beautiful. Among the large circle of his acquaintances, no one struck his fancy so completely as Miss Mary Mayflower. Her father was reputed to have no small share of this world's goods, and as for Mary she was called a beauty everywhere. Mary Mayflower became, therefore, the object of his particular attentions, greatly to the sprightly maiden's annoyance.

Thus much, and now we will go on with our story. The Doctor, after taking a few dignified turns across the floor, resumed his seat near Mary, and started a new theme of discourse, in which he could show off to advantage. At last he thought it time to retire, and let the exhibition which he had made of himself have its true effect upon the maiden's mind.

"Thank Heaven! he has gone at last," exclaimed Mary, gliding into the room where her sister Jane sat reading. "I declare, he is the most conceited, egotistical fellow I ever had the misfortune to meet! He is downright intolerable to me."

"Heigh-ho! And is that the way you speak of an absent lover?" Jane returned, laughing gaily.

"Lover! Don't talk of a lover to me, or I shall lose all patience."

"Why don't you send him off, then!"

"How can I send him off? I treat him as coldly as I can, but he don't take the hint."

"That he no doubt attributes to love's shrinking embarrassment."

"Hold your tongue will you, Jane!"

"Ha! ha! keep cool, my pretty sis!"

"How can I keep cool under such an annoyance? To be beset this way by a conceited young upstart of a doctor, is too much."

"People are already beginning to set it down as a match," chimed in the fun-loving sister.

"Indeed, Jane, that is too much!" Mary now said gravely. "Who has made any allusion to it?"

"Oh as to that, hundreds for what I know."

"No, but tell me one."

"Sarah Mortimer insinuated as much the last time I saw her!"

"Sarah Mortimer did!"

"Yes, certainly. And I don't see any thing so very surprising in it. The inference is natural enough," replied Jane, with provoking calmness.

"Now isn't all this too much for any one to endure! Why I wouldn't have my name coupled with that of Doctor Carpus, for any consideration in the world. It's a downright insult. The fact is, I'll offend him the next time he comes here, and so put an end to the matter."

"No Mary, you must not do that."

"Yes, but I will, the conceited fool!"

"Mary—Mary!" Jane said in a soothing tone, "don't get so excited about a mere trifle like this. Wait patiently until the declaration comes, and then refer him to Pa, who will send him off of course with a flea in his ear."

"Indeed, then, and I won't do any such thing. I'll insult him," returned the excited maiden.

This and much more passed between the sisters before they retired to rest for the night. On the next day, Mr. and Mrs. Mayflower left for Boston, to be gone a couple of weeks, leaving their two daughters to keep house in their absence. Among the other members of the family was a pretty little Spanish poodle, who was by no means the least important personage in the house. It so happened a day or two after the departure of the old folks, that Fido was accidentally thrown down stairs, in consequence of which one of his fore-legs was pretty badly hurt. After the alarm that followed this serious accident had subsided, and Fido, with his leg bandaged, was laid upon the sofa, Mary, into whose mind a bright thought suddenly intruded itself, exclaimed—

"If I don't do it, my name is not Mary Mayflower!"

"Do what, sir?" Jane asked, looking up in surprise.

"I mean to have some fun with the doctor."

"What doctor?"

"Doctor Carpus."

"How?"

"I'm going to send for him, professionally."

"Mary?"

"I ask. Fido needs a physician, and I don't know any one who would be so likely to understand his case as the learned Doctor Carpus."

"Why Mary Mayflower!" Are you crazy?"

"Oh, no. But I'm serious. The young man wrote practice, and I feel a benevolent wish to advance his interests."

"It would be a capital joke!" Jane said, as soon-ed at the idea, that she could not retain a grave countenance.

"It will be a capital joke, for I'll do it this very day."

"But will you see him?"

"Certainly I will—and look as solemn as the grave."

It was, perhaps, an hour after, that Doctor Carpus sat conversing with a young fellow gentleman with regard to future prospects, when a message was presented, especially in respect to the impression he was evidently making upon the heart of Mary Mayflower. In the midst of this conversation a messenger came in great haste with a note. He opened it and read—

"Please call at Mr. Mayflower's in haste."

"Is the message serious happened?" the doctor asked in an anxious voice.

But the messenger had already disappeared.

"That looks well, don't it," Carpus remarked to his friend, with a self-satisfied air. "I shall better my cost there, most certainly. But I must go immediately. Nothing like matter with Mary Mayflower."

In a few minutes after Doctor Carpus stepped from his office, he stood at the door of Mr. Mayflower's dwelling. The servant who admitted him, directed him with a serious air to go up into the front chamber. With a quick, quiet step he ascended the stairs, tapped lightly at the chamber door, and then opened it softly and passed in. The room was partially darkened, but not so much obscured that he did not at once perceive Mary seated near the bed upon which lay the unfortunate poodle, with a thick bandage about one of his fore legs.

"His any thing serious occurred?" asked the doctor, as he passed and looked into Mary's sober countenance.

"Nothing very serious, I hope. Doctor, But we have been dreadfully frightened. Poor Fido fell down a wide flight of stairs, and has hurt himself very badly, I'm afraid. I did not know what to do, father and mother being away, and what I should do only for you."

For a few moments Doctor Carpus hardly knew where he was, or what to say or do. It was plain, serious as Mary seemed, that she was quizzing him; and that she had chosen a method to accomplish it most effectually of all others the most effectual. Vain and self-important he was, his character had in it a degree of decision and firmness. He was like-wise prompt-spirited, and that sentiment has not to exhibit a portion of the surprise and indignation that he felt. Turning coolly to the bed, he removed the bandage from Fido's leg, and carefully examined it, much to the pain of the poor dog, who uttered a constant succession of distressing cries. He then replaced the bandage more carefully than before, and said bandage he kept constantly wet with vinegar. A prescription was written and handed to Mary, with directions how to administer the medicine. Rowing this growing well with a dignified professional air, he promised to call punctually on the next morning, and then departed.

In the morning he came about the same hour—attired with perfect composure—bowed to Mary, who was in the sick chamber, with a reverence which she then turned to look after his patient, whom he pronounced better. Another prescription was made out and again the physician departed. This was continued for a week, and by the time announced Mary, who, however, kept up her assumed character so perfectly as did the doctor. By this time Fido could run about as usual, and as the doctor still called in regularly, Mary had to invent him to suspend professional visits, to their little pet seemed quite restored.

Doctor Carpus bowed and smiled comprehending this, and then left the house. Of course, Mary was never after troubled with his company.

It happened about six weeks afterwards, when the whole story had gone the rounds, and Doctor Carpus had been assigned by it to be laughed at, that a collector stopped into Mr. Mayflower's store and presented a bill for two hundred dollars for medical attendance in his family.

"Why I don't owe Doctor Carpus any thing. He has never practiced in my house. What does he mean, pray, by sending me a bill?"

"I know nothing about it," the collector replied. "He gave me the bill amongst others, and asked me to present it."

"It's very strange!" He never visited my family professionally."

"What shall I say to him, Mr. Mayflower?"

"Tell him that I say I don't owe him any thing, and am surprised at his presuming to send me a bill."

"Very well, sir." And the collector withdrew.

An hour after, he returned with a new and more explicit bill. It called for two hundred dollars for "six visits and medicine, to dog Fido." As soon as he read it, Mr. Mayflower became very angry—for he had some hard things about Doctor Carpus. When he had recovered of a little, he collector forcibly commanded the bill, and was, so formally, told to go about his business, and that right speedily.

On the next morning, Mr. Mayflower was still further confounded to find a lawyer's letter in the morning forth, that he, the said lawyer, had been instructed to bring suit on a certain claim, fully specified, in favor of Doctor Carpus.

Here, then, the matter began to assume a rather serious form. A lawyer was consulted, who assured him that Doctor could not possibly recover, as the amount claimed, although he was legally entitled in regular time for his services, which would undoubtedly be awarded him. But, in the prosecution of the suit his character would be so unpleasant exposure of his daughter, who, if he defended the case, would be called into court to give evidence, the lawyer seriously advised the wronged and gentleman to enter the claim, unjust and vindictive as it was, and so get rid of the whole matter.

It took old Mr. Mayflower some days to make up his mind to pay the bill. Finally, however, the issue and extension of poor Mary prevailed, who had a dreadful fear of being called into court. Her fun with the doctor brought the laugh upon the wrong side.

Also at a week after the claim was settled, a letter was received from Doctor Carpus, couched in pretty plain but forceful language, setting forth the nature and effects of the practical joke which the young lady had played off upon him, and alleging that as she had enjoyed a right fine fun anyway, it was no more than fair that he should pay off the score in her own coin. Therefore, he inclosed her account for a hundred dollar bills which he had enclosed, and stated also that he had no legal right to them, he could not retain them. He had succeeded in making the story also had proved him to be both a worthy gentleman of her folly, and there he was willing to let the matter drop; trusting that when next she took it into her head to have some fun with the doctor, she would think twice before she acted upon it.

Into the matter ended, leaving both Doctor Carpus and Mary Mayflower somewhat wiser than they had been, and quite attentively a new leaf to them on the book of human life.

Sensitive as Mountain Peach.—May has the power of imparting every motion but that of flight to their flesh. Sun, in moderation and health, exhilarates us in food, unity in his thighs and legs, activity to his eyes and hands, energy and health to the blood, and sensation. His heart makes sensitive, and sensitive to a degree that makes him feel so feminine, so on a day. There are also three complete circulations of the blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of sentient beings and of inspired bodies, it may be remarked, that the mind considered as a mere intellectual influence, has the comparative strength, although not every strong any quantity of motion. A member is said to see as much of its eyes. The shell of by no means a small vessel, and yet it can travel any five years in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty minutes; can a bird can fly two hundred miles times in one night; in one hour an hour; in one can run a mile; and a wave moves with so extraordinary rate that a mile in a minute; the wind some of Europe's fast a gentle breeze of two miles an hour; and so eagle can fly eighteen miles a minute; and a comet's velocity more than one hundred times greater in the short space of sixteen hours.—*Bucke.*

Amazing Extraordinary.—During a recent flood in the forest some boys from the town of Crawley were fishing with worms for eels and found, there, unfortunately one of their rods broke. Looking upon the bank, shot into the river, disappeared, and floated down to the middle of the stream. The boys had a cut with them, which they directed to again and finding that, after a time, it struck against something and began to move. They then ran down the river, and, on coming to the spot, found that it was the bow of a boat, which they directed to the bank, and some gentle opposition. Under the bow-oar was found the rod up the stream. After a certain distance, they came to the end of the boat, the dog succeeded in bringing the rod ashore, and attached to the hook was a fine salmon, weighing some seven or eight pounds, which was subsequently presented in stirring against its hungry conquest.

Dining the Czar.—The Emperor Nicholas entertains an inferior rank at the banquet of his own entertainment him; he requires Russian to be spoken at his table. Another number of the women of the highest rank, especially those who have been born at Petersburg, are ignorant of their native language; they know a few Russian phrases, which they used through courtesy to the Emperor, when he passes to the women of the palace where their duties carry them. One of these ladies was always assigned to assistance to the others, by some contrivance, of ways, the arrival of the Emperor. To whose opportunities French refreshments immediately ensue, and Russian dishes, therefore, cannot appear, nor are found on very side. The Prince observes with great complacency, the extent of his purveyor's care, or, and the fair seems to laugh at error as to have her passed.

Apartments of Talleyrand.—There is a set of rooms continually having people for autographs, but few persons have the honor of obtaining them with pedestrians. Talleyrand being once asked a similar favor to an English gentleman, promised to send him in a few days, and kept his word in the following manner: He sent him an invitation to dinner, conjoined in these terms—"Dear sir, will you oblige me with your company to dinner, on Wednesday next, at eight o'clock? I have invited a number of exceedingly clever persons, and do not like to be the only fool among them."

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, September 30.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement touches it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as far as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot consider this a request to which the habit of dunning, but now we hope payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $5, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," a Tale of Florida, by Henry W. Herbert, gratis.

For $6, three copies of United States Saturday Post and "Miss Rosser's new novel, "THE NEIGHBOURS."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $20, seventeen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $25, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $30, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage.

Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $5, in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.

We publish the following letter as a caution to the public against the swindling impositions of individuals who are in the habit of assuming the name and character of agents for newspapers and magazines. The "C. Marsh," who has so effectually "done" our friend is on the prowl in the neighborhood of Providence, is no agent for the United States Saturday Post, nor, so far as we can learn, for any other newspaper or magazine in the country.

Bloomington, Ogman Co., Vt., Sept. 16

Rand, D. Patterson & Co.—Gents—Some six weeks since, I subscribed for your paper, and the subscription is a gentleman as a clarting himself to be your agent. Also agent for the Saturday Courier and some Ladies' Magazine. This gentleman (if he deserves the name), was no other more than the middling size; he called his name C. Marsh; he drove a bay colored horse, rather ordinary, and his wagon almost, if not entirely new, with two seats. Mr. C. Marsh stated that he had been his business for about eight years. The most of his time was well closed, and was very anxious to obtain more subscribers, and wait on them one year. He was willing to let me have the paper for the balance he can to close himself. Perhaps he might have forgotten to pay me, so I will not say whether he did or not. If so, let this remind him that people in this Western Country are very fond of reading, especially when they pay in advance. Gents, you will much oblige me by informing me if you have any such agent, or whether you have or have not an agent out by the above name. Very respectfully yours,

J. W. Morse.

J. W. Morse, Esq., of Shrewport, Louisiana, is duly authorized to act as agent for the United States Saturday Post and Graham's Magazine. Persons wishing either of the above works, by paying the subscription price to Mr. Morse, will be certain of being regularly supplied.

☞ The publisher of Graham's Magazine wishes to hear from H. W. Herbert, Esq. Where can he be found?

OUR WEEKLY SOPPIE.

Get out of the way—Old Dan Tucker!

Who is this venerable Daniel Tucker that thus elopes gazed? Is he Colonel, or merely a captain—the Honorable Daniel Tucker, or simply Daniel Tucker, Esq., the latter, perhaps? Is he a member of the Legislature, or a member of the Bar? Who is he? Does he reside in Philadelphia, or in Kensington, or in the Northern Liberties, or in Spring Garden, or in Moyamensing, or in Southwark, or in the District of Penn Township, or in the City of Philadelphia? Is he married or single? Has he a family? Is he a man of property? Is he a man of talents? Is he a man of learning? Is he a man of wit? Is he a man of humor? Is he a man of sense? Is he a man of nonsense? Is he a man of judgment? Is he a man of taste? Is he a man of feeling? Is he a man of sentiment? Is he a man of passion? Is he a man of imagination? Is he a man of fancy? Is he a man of genius? Is he a man of poetry? Is he a man of prose? Is he a man of fiction? Is he a man of truth? Is he a man of veracity? Is he a man of honor? Is he a man of honesty? Is he a man of principle? Is he a man of politics? Is he a man of religion? Is he a man of morality? Is he a man of virtue? Is he a man of vice? Is he a man of good habits? Is he a man of bad habits? Is he a man of industry? Is he a man of idleness? Is he a man of economy? Is he a man of extravagance? Is he a man of liberality? Is he a man of meanness? Is he a man of generosity? Is he a man of parsimony? Is he a man of benevolence? Is he a man of charity? Is he a man of humanity? Is he a man of kindness? Is he a man of cruelty? Is he a man of gentleness? Is he a man of ferocity? Is he a man of mildness? Is he a man of ferocity? Is he a man of affability? Is he a man of haughtiness? Is he a man of politeness? Is he a man of rudeness? Is he a man of civility? Is he a man of incivility? Is he a man of courtesy? Is he a man of discourtesy? Is he a man of urbanity? Is he a man of boorishness? Is he a man of suavity? Is he a man of moroseness? Is he a man of affability? Is he a man of churlishness? Is he a man of complaisance? Is he a man of ill-nature? Is he a man of good-nature? Is he a man of ill-temper? Is he a man of good-temper? Is he a man of bad-temper? Is he a man of good-humor? Is he a man of ill-humor? Is he a man of good-breeding? Is he a man of ill-breeding? Is he a man of good-manners? Is he a man of bad-manners? Is he a man of good-behavior? Is he a man of bad-behavior? Is he a man of good-conduct? Is he a man of bad-conduct? Is he a man of good-habits? Is he a man of bad-habits? Is he a man of good-morals? Is he a man of bad-morals? Is he a man of good-principles? Is he a man of bad-principles? Is he a man of good-sense? Is he a man of bad-sense? Is he a man of good-taste? Is he a man of bad-taste? Is he a man of good-judgment? Is he a man of bad-judgment? Is he a man of good-feeling? Is he a man of bad-feeling? Is he a man of good-sentiment? Is he a man of bad-sentiment? Is he a man of good-passion? Is he a man of bad-passion? Is he a man of good-imagination? Is he a man of bad-imagination? Is he a man of good-fancy? Is he a man of bad-fancy? Is he a man of good-genius? Is he a man of bad-genius? Is he a man of good-poetry? Is he a man of bad-poetry? Is he a man of good-prose? Is he a man of bad-prose? Is he a man of good-fiction? Is he a man of bad-fiction? Is he a man of good-truth? Is he a man of bad-truth? Is he a man of good-veracity? Is he a man of bad-veracity? Is he a man of good-honor? Is he a man of bad-honor? Is he a man of good-honesty? Is he a man of bad-honesty? Is he a man of good-principle? Is he a man of bad-principle

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* these letters of remittance, or to *send a free copy* for every *dollar* so remitted.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or names of towns.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office without the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current subscription, unless otherwise ordered, and then only at the option of the publishers. Manuscripts are due.

Small Bank Notes current at par, or deducted for payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, for which it is a difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and town paid for.

Any persons forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to seven copies.

Remember that we always state the *year* to which paid for, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publication arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

Mr. ——— is now travelling agent by the name of Wilkinson.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for that city, and has sold out Mahaffey, to succeed by Moses Meeker, Jas. D. Stone & Co., Wm. Hall, J. F. Harrison, J. T. Dana and L. J. Wright.

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assistant to Messrs. *James H. Shields* and *John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-West, including Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Florida. Wm. H. Wild, O. H. P. Stow, and Henry Bunnett.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in Tennessee.

JAB. F. FANTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON ALLISON, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, *for October*.—We have already given our table Mr Graham's sterling monthly, with a host of excellent literary matter, and splendid engravings. Among the contributors are Fenimore Willis, Fay, Hoffman, Lowell, Hawthorne, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Embire, Miss Hewitt, Mrs. Seba Smith, and a number more of our very best and most popular writers. The engravings are "HAGARING SARAH" and "ITALIAN RUINS," by Tenney, and "THE MAID," a splendid likeness of "CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN." The publisher announces a comic story, with an engraved plate and a piece of music, by Yeager, the artist, with four or five other illustrations, among which are the Fall of Niagara. It will, no doubt, be the most attractive number of the year.

Graham's Magazine is now the most popular periodical in America. It merits the general circulation and the opinions of the press show.

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—When a periodical reaches the age of twenty-one, and has attained to upwards of two hundredth monthly number, and the fifty thousand reader, there is no necessity for the critic to praise or abuse such a work. We may, however, speak of Graham's Magazine. The pictorial illustrations are, as usual, superbly finished by the aid of the engraver. The articles in this number are all original, and from the pens of Fenimore Cooper, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Embury and others."—*Boston Bulletin*.

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The embellishments, more than usually rich, are finished specimens of American engraving, and surpass any mercantile establishment we have seen in the same line, now in existence. The present is a number superior to most of the monthly, both in literary and typographical excellence—contains twenty-five well written articles, and has well earned for it the standard American written, that of the American Blackwood."—*Green Bay Republican, Illinois*.

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The embellishments are three in number, and are gems in themselves. The wood engravings that have never been equalled, as very few ought to be entered into the literature of the closest scrutiny. Graham is determined to keep the head of Magazine in both quantity and quality."—*Spy, Columbus, Ga.*

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—This work stands pre-eminently at the head of the list of the best of the Monthly publications that it will be formed."—*Journal of American Literature, Boston*.

MARION'S MEN. *Philada. A. J. Rockefeller, 98 Chestnut St.*—The life and exploits of no one of the heroes of the Revolution formed better material for a romance than those of Marion and his gallant band. The fastnesses with which they annoyed the enemy, the ingenuity with which they protected their friends, and the daunting mode in which they executed their earlier against the invading foes—now over where and when—are of themselves so full of interest of ubiquity, daring beyond precedent, and of following what was deemed the capacity of water of they and conducted their warfare with, as to require no pose of furnishing the incidents and characters to adorn a tale," they could not have done the work better accomplished. And the author seems to have let his thought to the work an intimate knowledge of the history of the men and times, his most abilities were such as to give a faithful and graphic sketch of the gentler affections. He has supplied what we may in vain look for in history, a sketch of the domestic life of the people of the times, and has done good and patriotic service in the production of this truly American work.

By the way, speaking of Mr. R.'s own publications, we may as well add here as a postcript, that he has on sale the latest numbers of Peterson's Brindle, Alison, Hannah Moore, the Magazines, the Huguenot Captain, Wyandotte, and all other novelties. Orders for any work we now published will be promptly answered at his Periodical Depot.

FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER. *New York: Wilson & Co., Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.*—This work is spread of a new and very simple method of learning through an audience in Brussels. Of course, in a small work like this, it cannot be pretended that one has acquire a competent knowledge of the French language—as knowledge of any language consists in a copious command of words. But this much may certainly be said for the treatise before us—that it puts the pupil more understandingly into the theory and practice of the French idiom, than any work we have seen extant—large or small. Any intelligent man, woman or child, whether possessing a tolerable knowledge of French, or entirely ignorant of it, can, all, well devise wonderful benefit from once going through the work in question; and if the learner has not disposed to go further than this work, and become tolerably conversant, he could not have been introduced under better auspices. If this work merely puts into one's hands the French Reader, Alison, Hannah Moore, the Magazines, the Huguenot Captain, Wyandotte, and all other novelties. Orders for any work we now published will be promptly answered at his Periodical Depot.

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Notices of the Dead.

GEN. EDMUNDS MATTHEWS.—The Northampton (Mass.) Courier announces the death of Gen. Matthews, Sept. 1st, of another hero of the Revolution. Gen. Matthews was born at Amherst, Aug. 1755. He graduated at Yale College in 1775, being the fifth class that ever graduates and he being the oldest but two of the living graduates of that institution. With all the ardor of youth he entered into the glorious struggle, which laid then began, and was appointed Lieutenant in a Company of Artillery. He was afterwards promoted for his skill and bravery, and advanced to the post of Major. He bore a distinguished part in the battle at White Plains. On the breaking out of Shay's insurrection, he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of Hampshire—an office which, with the exception of Marion and his band, was the most perilous and responsible. The confidence with which they accepted the enemy, the judgment with which they protected their friends, and the daunting mode in which they executed their earlier against the invading foes—now over where and when—are of themselves so full of interest of ubiquity, daring beyond precedent, and of following what was deemed the capacity of water of they and conducted their warfare with, as to require no pose of furnishing the incidents and characters to adorn a tale," they could not have done the work better accomplished. And the author seems to have let his thought to the work an intimate knowledge of the history of the men and times, his most abilities were such as to give a faithful and graphic sketch of the gentler affections. He has supplied what we may in vain look for in history, a sketch of the domestic life of the people of the times, and has done good and patriotic service in the production of this truly American work.

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THE HOUSEHOLD CAPTAIN; *or The Life of Thomas Jefferson Pickett, by Dr. Edgar. 2nd ed. Cin.: Cist of Farmer, on the Rogers of Charles IX., Henry III., Henry IV., and the Minority of Louis XIII. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.*—The first edition of this work was published in 1846, and became a period one of the most interesting in history. The course of the narrative introduces the reader to Catherine de Medicis, Mary, Queen of Scots, the League, and not least in interest in the life of the subject of the biography himself. The successor of St. Bartholomew, and the accession, and the events are vividly portrayed. The work is one which every person who wishes to be acquainted with the history of that time should read, and which no one who commences it will lay aside until completed. It is, of course, finely printed.

THE LADIES' BOOK. *October. Philadelphia: L. A. Godey.*—The embellishments of this number are the finest of a highly finished pattern, the Water Party, and a Plate of Fashions. The literary matter commences a tale by Arthur, which we have transferred to our columns, and also a spirited poem, by Clapsaddle. The Poor Scholar has a excellent in verse, characterized by the exuberance of happy poetic imagery which we have come to look for in the writings of Lord, Miss Leslie, and others contribute to the number, and among the articles is a valuable and neat description of the manner in which the Queen of England is to acknowledge a disagreeable as a correct likeness.

BURNS'S WORKS.—Nos. 10 and 11 of Carey & Hart's cheap edition of Lord Byron's works have been published. It is printed on good paper and type—the twelve matchless lines are plates, and the volumes when neatly bound (by Gihon for instance, as some will do it better) will put the noble bard in as handsome a popular form as he ever appeared in.

THE REVIEW.—Last week's issue of the Review, conducted by Colton, completes the first volume of the excellent publication. Colton also supplies the Mirror, and other periodicals.

BRADLEY'S DICTIONARY. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co. and Perkins & Purves.*—We have at last the gratification of announcing the completion of the extensive and comprehensive Dictionary—one of the most complete works of reference on Science and Art which has ever been published. Its great success will, we think, be unquestionable. We have seen it in part, and in whole, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best thing of the kind we have ever seen. It is now selling, even in this era of cheap works, at less in proportion to the cost and elegance of execution than any other extant—and we cannot recommend those who intend to buy it to purchase it at once.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* Mr. Mayo, the proprietor and editor of this well-known Southern work, is determined that it shall lose no reputation in his hands. The sketch of the late lamented Logan, in the last number, is worth the price of a whole year's subscription. Mr. M. is to get new to the work, but will not be long so—going lively at rate and at bone. We wish success to the venture.

JESSE ALLEN, *The Lama Girl. By Grace Kennedy, Author of "The Decision." "Father Clement," &c. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.*—The two last mentioned are perhaps as well known to any other of the class. This little story has been very popular in England, and will be so here.

THE DOUBLE WITNESS OF THE CHURCH, by Rev. W. Ingraham Kip, author of the Lenten Fast, is ready, and will be published next week by the Appletons, in one volume, uniform with the Churchman's Library. It comes in good time, and will be very acceptable to the friends of Churchmen.

WOMAN, *an Enigma, or Life and its Revelations. By the author of Compared and Self Compared. New York: Harpers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.*—A pleasant, and probable little story, calculated to keep up the interest in its pages, which its little entitles. It is a very neat volume.

THE CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAG. *By the Rev. Henry Duncan. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.*—This is a little book intended to convey religious instruction in an agreeable manner. It is a second the Doctor is well known as the author of "The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons."

DR. POTT ANSWERED. *New York: Wiley. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.*—This is a pamphlet written with a great deal of skill and controversial ability. Another calls himself a graduate of Columbia College, and that is the character of the work.

THE ANNAL AMERICAN. We are gratified to learn that this excellent paper, finished in this city by Mr. Schaeffer, is steadily advancing in its public favor, as it grows in the public knowledge. Mr. Van Vort furnishes also all the current novelties.

PART 1st of *Lives of the Chief Justices of the United States. By John Jay. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.*—Having made an error in announcing the receipt of this work last week, we take it up again, pursuant to contract that we did.

HANNAH MOORE.—Part 6 of the Works of Hannah Moore, completing the first volume has been published by the Appletons, and is received by Zieber & Co., and Perkins & Purves.

☞ We see that Mr. Thomas, the author of Chickamauga Bones, has a long Poem in the press of the Appletons.

☞ We are indebted to Rockafeller, 98 Chestnut street, for a copy of "French without a Master."

☞ Colton has sent us "Dr. Pott Answered."

Notices of the Dead.

GEN. EDMUNDS MATTHEWS.—The Northampton (Mass.) Courier announces the death of Gen. Matthews, Sept. 1st, of another hero of the Revolution. Gen. Matthews was born at Amherst, Aug. 1755. He graduated at Yale College in 1775, being the fifth class that ever graduates and he being the oldest but two of the living graduates of that institution. With all the ardor of youth he entered into the glorious struggle, which laid then began, and was appointed Lieutenant in a Company of Artillery. He was afterwards promoted for his skill and bravery, and advanced to the post of Major. He bore a distinguished part in the battle at White Plains. On the breaking out of Shay's insurrection, he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of Hampshire—an office which, with the exception of Marion and his band, was the most perilous and responsible. The confidence with which they accepted the enemy, the judgment with which they protected their friends, and the daunting mode in which they executed their earlier against the invading foes—now over where and when—are of themselves so full of interest of ubiquity, daring beyond precedent, and of following what was deemed the capacity of water of they and conducted their warfare with, as to require no pose of furnishing the incidents and characters to adorn a tale," they could not have done the work better accomplished. And the author seems to have let his thought to the work an intimate knowledge of the history of the men and times, his most abilities were such as to give a faithful and graphic sketch of the gentler affections. He has supplied what we may in vain look for in history, a sketch of the domestic life of the people of the times, and has done good and patriotic service in the production of this truly American work.

By the way, speaking of Mr. R.'s own publications, we may as well add here as a postcript, that he has on sale the latest numbers of Peterson's Brindle, Alison, Hannah Moore, the Magazines, the Huguenot Captain, Wyandotte, and all other novelties. Orders for any work we now published will be promptly answered at his Periodical Depot.

FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER. *New York: Wilson & Co., Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.*—This work is spread of a new and very simple method of learning through an audience in Brussels. Of course, in a small work like this, it cannot be pretended that one has acquire a competent knowledge of the French language—as knowledge of any language consists in a copious command of words. But this much may certainly be said for the treatise before us—that it puts the pupil more understandingly into the theory and practice of the French idiom, than any work we have seen extant—large or small. Any intelligent man, woman or child, whether possessing a tolerable knowledge of French, or entirely ignorant of it, can, all, well devise wonderful benefit from once going through the work in question; and if the learner has not disposed to go further than this work, and become tolerably conversant, he could not have been introduced under better auspices. If this work merely puts into one's hands the French Reader, Alison, Hannah Moore, the Magazines, the Huguenot Captain, Wyandotte, and all other novelties. Orders for any work we now published will be promptly answered at his Periodical Depot.

Miscellaneous News.

INDUSTRIOUS.—The Boston Bee says that there is a young woman who resides a few rods from the Boston office, in Cambridgeport, who earns weekly, with her own hands, from ten to twelve dollars; in addition to the care of two small houses, which she earns by her industry and frugality, by combining *good management* with *good industry*, she has a comfortable and perfect order. And in addition to this, has distributed more of her hard earnings, privately, to the poor and needy, than many individuals in the place who possess more.

ON.—A couple of the inmates of the jail at Norristown, Pa., recently took their leave in a very unceremonious manner. In company with a number of other prisoners, they were at work blasting rocks in the prison yard, when, on the hands of several of the dangerous prisoners to a "blast" about to "come off," they managed to get so far away from the guard that they succeeded in keep on their course. The storm was given and pursued made, but it was too late to catch them.

A SUPERB PRESENT TO BALTIMORE.—Baltimore was visited by another severe storm on Thursday and Thursday night. The Southern gale produced a very high tide, which overflowed the harbor, which made an overflow of the wharves at most of the depressed points. No damage of moment was sustained by the shipping. Considerable damage was done to the water-fronts of Baltimore and Philadelphia Railroad, at Canton, which was being repaired at the latest accounts.

THE BATTLE OF CHILICOTHE.—The Baltimore Visitor.—A child named Dennis Dempsey, about three years old, whose parents reside in Beaumont street, New York, while playing with some other children, found on the vacated piece a bottle containing vitriol, of which it swallowed a small quantity, and died in consequence on Saturday morning, after suffering several hours of extreme agony.

☞ The Jail of Cumberland county, N. C. was recently destroyed by fire—supposed to be the work of an incendiary. No prisoner escaped.

FIRE AT NATCHEZ.—We learn from the Natchez Post that the extensive car and carriage factory of H. G. Vanderweker, with the steam machinery and a large stock of carriages, &c., was burned down between the hours of one and three on Thursday morning. The loss is estimated at over $18,000, for which there was no insurance. The fire originated in the planing shop.

FRUIT OF FORTUNE.—It was stated a few days ago by the Governor of Kentucky, that Anne Addie had been tendered an appointment as Engineer, by the Emperor of Russia. Since that time he has been promoted to a post of importance, as the Post Office Guy for a violent assault and battery with intent to kill.

CHICAGO MATCH.—The cricket match at New York between the St. George's Club, and the Toronto Club, Canada, terminated in favor of the latter. The St. George scored 172, the Toronto 173 runs, and several of the players carried their bats out.

THE CENSUS IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, has just been completed, and the population is 1840. The census of 1840, showed the number of inhabitants to be 4853. Consequently there has been an increase of 2738, in two years.

THE LARGEST FIRE OF THE SEASON.—The other President arrived at Beverly, Mass., on the 30th inst., from a fishing cruise, bringing 125 000 fish.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ The Boston Mercantile Journal says:—It has been stated that the Rev. Mr. Hosmer, pastor of the first Independent Congregational Church of that name in the world. It was organized in 1630, in Cambridge, England, and was the instrumentality of Rev. Henry Jacob, who was chosen and constituted its first pastor.

☞ The Protestant Episcopal Mission "Church of the Evangelists," corner of Fifth and Catharine, will be re-opened for divine worship on Sunday, the 15th of September, in the morning, at 10½ o'clock, and in the afternoon at half past three o'clock, and in the evening at half past seven.

☞ About one hundred and thirty predecessors were admitted into full membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Fourth-below Arch street, on the afternoon of Sunday.

REPORTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLAGUE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 7th.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Christ Church, Second below Market—Rev. Dr. Wyatt.

St. Peter's, Third below Eighth street—Rev. Mr. Schaufelt.

St. John's Church, Locust above Eighth—Rev. Mr. Church of the Nativity, Tenth above Spruce—Rev. Mr. Vinton.

St. Paul's Church, Third below Walnut—Rev. Mr. Stone.

St. James' Church, Twenty-third above Market—Rev. Mr. Hodges.

Trinity Church, Locust above Eighth—Rev. Mr. Hall. Third street below Green—Rev. Edward Ingle.

Mariborough street near Princess, Kensington—Trinity Church, Lutheran street above Brandywine—Church of the Messiah, Fifth street below Carpenter. Saint Mary's Church, Hamilton-ville.

☞ Much strength, in opening the building, have tends to assuring any respecting the character of Advent Church, supposing, from its name that it is *Episcopal Advent or Millennial* congregation which worships in the Temperance Hall, N.L. It is hardly necessary to tell our readers that such is not the case. It is a Protestant Episcopal Church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. J. J. Kerr, and the seats are free, worshiping and evening.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Old School.—Tenth Church, Twelfth, and Walnut street. Northern Second Church, Second below Spruce. Fifth Church, Fifth above Spruce.

PRESBYTERIAN—New School.—Union street Church, corner of Tenth street. Western Church—corner of Fifteen and Schuylkill fifth street. Edward Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood street below Sixth. First Church, Southwark, between Queen below Third. First Church, Fairmount, Haudbonville Church.

UNITARIAN RECORDER.—First Church, Race below Fourth street.

REFORMED RECORDER.—First Church, Coates street near Race.

LUTHERAN.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street above Fifth.

MORAVIAN.—Church of the United Brethren, Race and Broad streets.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—All open on Sunday Evening.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.—All open on Sunday Evening.

BAPTIST.—All open but the First Church.

UNIVERSALIST.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Filbert streets.

UNIVERSALISTS.—All open on Sunday Evening.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. Congregation of Disciples, (Vigilant Hall) Race street below Second.

NEW CHURCH.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Ninth.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—New Jerusalem Chapel, 4th street below Spruce.

MORMON.—Hall at Third and Willow street.

MILLERITE.—Mariners' Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Shippen and Front.

AFRICAN.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Fitzwater. Methodist Bethel Church, street above Lombard. Wesley Chapel, Lombard street above Sixth. Union Methodist Church, Cedar street below Fifth. Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, Bronn street near Seventh.

☞ Pittsburg, on the 25th inst., flour was held at $5½ the cents 27½ to 28, and 28½. Rye 50. Corn 37½ to 40. Oats 25 to 26. Whisky 20 to 21. Barley 50 to 60. Wheat 70 to 80. Potatoes 25 to 30. Clover seed $4 to $4½. Timothy seed $1½. Flaxseed $1½.

☞ At Alexandria, on the 16th, wheat was coming in freely, and sold at 70 cents per bushel

Gems from the Poets.

HANNAH.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

As fond scatters my roving heart,
Who roamed by Love's delightful dart,
Keen transport throbb'd through every vein,
I never felt so sweet a pain!

Where cooling wounds embrown'd the globe,
I met the day-treasure smiled;
I made her hand,—it shook; but no,
It would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I sued it by Hannah's dawn-star eye,
—Love kind, but beautifully shy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray
The sun, summer's noon young May;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Views from the fine her blushing face.

But, softer than the frighted deer,
I met the coy mercying of my love;
All, that we bought a morn, an noon
Should vanish in an dark a noon.

The angel of affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the horrors of rapture fled.

Yet, to the glory of my pride,
I mind,—and all his wrath defied
I mind,—though wherewinds shook my brain,
And lightnings clad my soul in train.

I mind'd my strength,—and knew not why
I durst not none her gentle eye;
I mind'd her coiled I could not stray
To marry her in my despair.

Yet, such at heart with hope dazed'd,
Of the dear image of that mood
Unmoved, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And persistent happiness smiled.

The storm blew o'er, and in my house
The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of youth and romance smiled.

'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To Hannah's cot I took my way.
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the spring.

Then as I climb'd the mountain's rise,
I felt my vanning days once more,
And fancy sketch'd my maternal lot—
My wife, my children, and my cot.

I saw the village steeple rise,—
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes.
I saw the chimney's curling wreath,
My heart beat listen'd in mute ar—

I smack'd the hamlet,—all was gay;
I saw a cortege holiday;
I met a wedding,—stopp'd mute;
It pass'd,—my Hannah was the bride!

—There is a grief that cannot feel—
It leaves a wound that will not heal
—My heart grew cold,—it felt my pain,
When cold it ceased to feel again!

Touching Narratives

"NANCY'S HILL."

During a recent visit to the White Mountains, while passing leisurely up the valley of the Saco, a little coincidence was pointed out to the writer, memorable for its connection with an incident which occurred many years ago, and which from that day has borne the title of "Nancy's Hill." From the name of the devoted heroine who perished upon it amid the storms of an Alpine winter. The story may have been told before, but it will bear repeating. In the hands of some skilful tale-teller it would form the ground work for a very respectable novel.

The little commerce existed in which is a few miles below the Notch of the White Mountains, was chiefly covered with a thick growth of trees, a little cluster of which is yet suffered to remain, probably from their not ever connected with the spot. The pass through the Notch of the mountains was discovered by one Nash, a famous hunter, an early pioneer in those regions, who, with others in their hunting excursions long before the settlement of that part of the country, used to make this hill a resting place—an object for which it was admirably calculated, as they could draw together the dark boughs and hop of the smaller trees, with which it was covered, so as to provide a temporary but comfortable shelter. For many years after the inhabitants began to settle upon the rich intervales along the river, the hill was a common bathing place, it being in the direct route of the traveller from the lower country to the region above.

Among the early settlers of the township of Dartmouth, was one Jefferson; was a genuine son from Portsmouth, of the name of W—, to whose family, as a domestic, was a girl of the name of Nancy. A young woman of respectable parentage, and no evil share in personal charms. In the same family, was a young man of a similar station in life, between whom and Nancy a mutual attachment existed, real and sincere on her part, but on his, there is too much reason to suppose, nothing more than a passing fancy. After a few months' service in the family of Mr. W. they had agreed, at the close of autumn, to go down to Portsmouth, where they were to be married. Confiding in the sincerity and honor of her lover, Nancy placed in his keeping her little stock of money, the savings of several years of industrious and faithful service. Taking advantage of her absence on a visit to a neighboring town, the young man clandestinely left Dartmouth, secretly with him her little all. Learning on her return what had happened, and that her faithless lover had been seen by some travellers journeying towards Portsmouth, Nancy, with a woman's love and a woman's resolution, determined to follow him; nothing doubting that she could persuade him to fulfil his vows and repair her own faithful affection. Without a moment's delay, she left her home in search of her enamored lover, and, as it was then late in the season, almost impassable. From Dartmouth to Bartlett, a distance of more than thirty miles. There was not a human habitation, or any source from whence human succor could be obtained by the weary or perishing traveller. Yet, nothing daunted, and against the remonstrances and entreaties of her friends, Nancy determined to set out on her perilous journey. She would listen to no persuasions, and gave no heed to the representations of the dangers of the way. Providing herself with a few necessaries for the journey, and wrapping herself in her long cloak, she bade adieu to her friends. She had then gone but a few hours, when the sky, before serene, became overcast, and a violent storm set in—out of those fearful storms which the peculiarity of our northern climate. Those who were successful for several days, and all communication between the scattered habitations of the settlers was cut off. The sad secret remained buried in their own breasts for full sufficiently to the heavens, the deep forest in every direction, were loaded down with snow, and the very atmosphere seemed to glisten with frost. Nature awoke from her inactivity surrounded in forming their way upward from Bartlett. They arrived at the hill at nightfall, and prepared as usual to encamp. Gathering some dry branches, they kindled a fire, to procure themselves a warm supper from the rudiments of the weather. As the light streamed up from the fire, it revealed, illuminated the misery landscape around, its unearthly figure stood before them in which the leading branches of a large tree. It was a female form, with long dishevelled tresses, and nothing to mark it as of any degree of humanity, except the face of a woman. Looking in the sincerity and honor of her lover, Nancy placed in his keeping her little stock of money, the savings of several years of industrious and faithful service. Taking advantage of her absence on a visit to a neighboring town, the young man clandestinely left Dartmouth, secretly with him her little all. Learning on her return what had happened, and that her faithless lover had been seen by some travellers journeying towards Portsmouth, Nancy, with a woman's love and a woman's resolution, determined to follow him; nothing doubting that she could persuade him to fulfil his vows and repair her own faithful affection. 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Taking the Census.

A SCENE IN ALABAMA.

BY H. HOOPER, ESQ.

We rode up one day to the residence of a widow rather past the prime of life—(just that period at which ancient maidens commence a respectable old widowhood)—and knocking at the door, which halloo'd the hinges of the female tongue:—

"Good morning, madam," said we in our usual bland, and insinuating, persuasive manner.

"Mortals!" said the widow gruffly.

Drawing our bridles from their noses, we proceeded.

"I see the name, madam, that takes the census, and—"

"The mischief you are!" said the old termagant. "Yes, I've been of you: Parson W. told me you was coming, and I 'spect I can guess what I tell you, that if you said 'child,' 'soap,' or 'chickens,' to me, I'd set the dogs on you. Now, Bull! Bull! here Pomp! Two wollish cuss responded to the call for Bull and Pomp, by running a few feet down, snarled out one with a slight growl, and then laid down on the steps. "Now," continued the widow, "you may call the severest dogs in this country. Lose 'em. Bull Shoemaker's the boss a mile down, and my yard boss, and Bull and Pomp took him by the throat, and they killed him afore my boys could break 'em loose, to save the cuss, and—"

"Yes, ma'am," said we, meekly. "Bull and Pomp seem to be very fine dogs."

"You may well say that what I tells them to do they do—and if I was to tell them on your old bones yonder, they'd eat him up afore you could say Jack Robinson. And by your leave, I shall do, if you go to pry into my concerns. They are none of your business, nor Van Buren's neither. Oh, old Van Buskyboss! I wish I had your bees, you old fraud! I'd show you what it is to make Bull and Pomp show you how to be mealin' out men to take count of what people's got, just to try to see when its taxed enough a'ready!"

All this time we were peeping through fear of the fierce guardians of the old widow's portal. At length, when the widow paused, we ventured to say that we were determined not to answer questions about the produce of the farm, we would just set down the hands, and "good morning" was all we wanted of the family.

"No such a thing,—you'll do no such a thing," said she; "I've got five in family, and that's all you've got to do with. Old Van Buren may have a heap to do, the drotted old vulture, to send you to know how many I've got, and what I'm a-goin' to make;